

THIRD PERIOD. CHAPTER XXIII. - NEWS OF IRIS. After his interview with the Irish lord, Mountjoy waited for two days, in the expectation of hearing from Iris. No reply arrived. Had Mr. Vimpany failed to forward the letter that had been intrusted to him?

On the third day, Hugh wrote to make The doctor returned the letter that had en confided to his care, and complained



Hugh evidently took him by surprise.

which he had been treated. Miss Henicy had not trusted him with her new address in London; and Lord Harry had suddenly left Redburn Road, bidding his host good-by in a few lines of commonolace apology, and nothing more. Mr. Vimpany did not deny that he had been paid for his medical services; but, he would ask, was nothing due to friendship? Was one may instifled in enjoying another. one man justified in enjoying another man's hospitality, and then treating him like a stranger? "I have done with them both—and I recommend you, my dear sir, to follow my example." In those terms the angry (and sober) doctor expressed his centiments and offered his advice. Mount joy laid down the letter in de-

Mount joy laid down the letter in despair.

His last poor chance of preventing the marriage, depended on his being still able to communicate with Iris—and sne was as completely lost to him as it she had taken flight to the other end of the world. It might have been possible to discover her by following the movements of Lord Harry, but he too had disappeared without leaving a trace behind him. The precious hours and days were passing—and Hagh.

leaving a trace behind him. The precious hours and days were passing—and Hugh was absolutely helpless.

Tortured by anxiety and suspense, he still lingered at the hotel in London. More than once he decided on giving up the struggle, and returning to his pretty cottage in Scotland. More than once he deferred taking the journey. At one time, he dreaded to hear that Iris was married, if she wrote to him. At another time, he If she wrote to him. At another time, he felt mortified and disappointed by the neglect which her silence implied. Was she near him, or far from him? In England, or out of England? Who could

After more weary days of waiting and Mountjoy in a strange hardwriting, and bearing the postmark of Paris. The sig-nature revealed that his correspondent nature revealed that his correspondent was Lord Harry.

His first impulse was to throw the letter

better Christians than the Sisters. I am not talking about my own poor self (as you will soon see) without a reason. My experience in the hospital led to other things. I nursed a lady through a tedious illness, and was trusted to take her to some friends in the south of France. On my return, I thought of staying for a few days in Paris—it was an opportunity of seeing how the nurses did their work in the French hospitals. And, oh, it was far more than that! In Paris, I found Iris again." into the fire, unread. There could be lit-tle doubt, after the time that had passed, of the information that it would contain. Could be endure to be told of the mar-"By accident?" Hugh asked.
"I am not sure." Mrs. Vimpany answered, "that there are such things as meetings by accident. She and her husband were among the crowds of people on the Boulevards, whosit taking their coffee in riage of Iris, by the man who was her hus riage of Iris, by the man who was her hus-band? Never! There was something hu-miliating in the very idea of it. He ar-rived at that conclusion—and what did he do in spite of it? He read the letter. Lord Harry wrote with scrupulous po-liteness of expression. He regretted that circumstances had prevented him from calling on Mr. Mountloy, before he left view of the other crowds, passing along the street. I went by, without noticing them. She saw me, and sent Lord Harry to bring me back. I have been with to bring me back. I have been with them every day, at her invitation, from that time to this; and I have seen their life." She stopped, noticing that Hugh grew restless. "I am in doubt," she said, "whether you wish to hear more of their life in Paris?"

calling on Mr. Mountjoy, before he left England. After the conversation that had taken place at Mr. Vimpany's house, he felt it his duty to inform Mr. Mountjoy that he had insured his life—and, he would add, for a sum of money amply, and more than amply, sufficient to provide for his wife in the event of her surviving him. Lady Harry desired her kind regards, and would write immediately to her old and valued friend. In the meantime, he would conclude by repeating the expression of valued friend. In the meantime, he would conclude by repeating the expression of his sense of obligation to Mr. Moantjoy.

Hugh looked back at the first page of the letter, in search of the writer's address. It was simply "Paris." The intention to prevent any further correspondence, or any personal communication, could hardly have been more plainly implied. In another moment, the letter was in the fire.

two days more, Hugh heard from

Mountjov at once controlled himself.

"Go on," he said, quietly.

"Even if I tell you that Iris is perfectly happy?"

"Go on," Hugh repeated.

"May I confess," she resumed, "that her husband is irresistible, not only to his wife but even to an old woman like me? After having known him for years at his worst as well as at his best I am still foolish enough to feel the charm of his high spirits and his delightful good humor. Sober English people, if they saw him now, would almost think him a fit subject to be placed under restraint. One of his wild leish ideas of expressing devotion to his wife is that they shall forget they are married and live the lives of others. When they dine at a restaurant he insists on having a private room. He takes her to public halis and engages her to dance with him for the whole evening. When she stays at home and is a little fatigued he sends me to the piano and whirls her round the room in a waltz. 'Nothing revives a woman,' he says, 'like dancing with the man she loves.' When she is out of breath and I shut up the piano, do you know what he does? He actually kisses me—and says he is expressing his wife's feeling for me when she is not able to do it herself. He sometimes dines out with men, and comes back all on fire with the good wine, and more amiable than ever. On these occasions his pockets are full of swegtmeats, stolen for 'his angel' from the desert. 'Am I a little tipsy?' he asks. 'Oh, don't be angry; it's all for love of you. I have been in the highest society, my darling, proposing your health over and over and over again, and drinking to you deeper than all the rest of the company. You don't blame me? Ah, but I blame myself. I was wrong to leave you and dipe with men. What do I want with the society of men, when I have your society? Drinking your health is a lame excuse. I will refuse all invitations for the future that don't include my wife.' And mind, he really means it, at the time. Two or three days later, he forgets his good resolutions, I am afraid I can see the en In two days more, Hugh heard from Iris.

She, too, wrote regretfully of the sudden departure from England; adding, however, that it was her own doing. A slip of the tongue, on Lord Harry's part, in the course of conversation, had led her to fear that he was still in danger from political conspirators with whom he had imprudently connected himself. She had accordingly persuaded him to tell her the whole truth, and had thereupon insisted on an immediate departure for the Continent. She and her husband were now living in Paris; Lord Harry having friends in that city whose influence might prove to be of great importance to his pecuniary prospects. Some sentences followed, expressing the writer's grateful remembrance of all that she had owed to Hugh in past days, and her earnest desire that they might still hear of each other, from time to t me, by correspondence. She could not venture to correspondence. She could not venture to anticipate the pleasure of receiving a visit from him, under present circumstances. But she hoped that he would not object to write to her, addressing his letters, for the

write to her, addressing his letters, for the present, to post restante.

In a postscript a few words were added, alluding to Mr. Vimpany. Hugh was requested not to answer any inquiries which that man might venture to make relating to her husband or to herself. In the bygone days she had been thankful to the doctor for the care which he had taken, medically speaking, of Rhoda Bennet. But, since that time, his behavior to his wife, and the opinious which he had expressed in familiar conversations with Lord Harry had convinced her that he was an unprincipled person. All further communication with him (if her influence could prevent it) must come to an end. communication with him (if her influence could prevent it) must come to an end. Still as far as ever from feeling recon-ciled to the marriage, Mountjoy read this letter with a feeling of resentment which

letter with a feeling of resentment which disinctined him to answer it.

He believed (quite erroneously) that Iris had written to him under the superintendence of her husband. There were certain phrases which had been, as he chose to suspect, dictated by Lord Harry's distrust—jealous distrust, perhaps—of his wife's friend. Monutjoy would wait to reply, until, as he bitterly expressed it, Iris was able to write to him without the assistance of her master.

Again he thought of returning to Scotland—and, again, he hesitated.

On this occasion, he discovered objec-

On this occasion, he discovered objections to the cotters, which had not never red to him while Irls was a single woman.

red to him while Iris was a single woman. The situation was solitary: his nearest neighbors were fishermen. Here and there, at some little distance, there were only a few scattered houses inhabited by retired tradesmen. Further away yet, there was the country seat of an absent person of distinction, whose health suffered in the climate of Scotland. The lonely life in prospect, on the shores of the Solway, now daunted Mountjoy for the first time.

He decided on trying what society in London would do to divert his mind from the burdens and anxieties that weighed on it. Acquaintances whom he had neglected were pleasantly surprised by visits from their rich and agreeable young friend. He attended dinner-parties; he roused hope in mothers and daughters by accepting invitations to balls; he reappeared at his club. Was there any relief to his mind in this? was there even amusement? Not he was acting a part, and he found it a hard task to keep up appearances. After a brief and brilliant interval, society knew him no more.

Left by himself again, he enjoyed one happy evening in London. It was the evening on which he relented, in spite of himself, and wrote to Iris. wife, he shall find her capable of protecting herself. Will you give me her address in Paris!"

"Willingly—if you will promise not to go to her till she really needs you?"

"Who is to decide when she needs me?"

"I am to decide," Mrs. Vimpany answered; "Iris writes to me confidentially. If anything happens which she may be unwilling to trust to a letter. I believe I shall hear of it from her maid."

"Are you sure the maid is to be relied on?" Mountjoy interposed.

"She is a silent creature, so far as I know anything of her." Mrs. Vimpany admitted, "and her manner doesn't invite confidence. But I have spoken with Fanny Mere. I am eatisfied that she is true to her mistress and grateful to her mistress in her own strange "ay. If Iris is in any danger, I shall not be left in ignorance of it. Does this incline you to consult with me before you decide on going to Paris! Don't stand on ceremony; say honestly, Yes or No."

Houestly, Hugh s-1; yes.

He was at once trusted with the address of Iris. At the same time, Mrs. Vimpany undertook that he should know what news she received from Paris assoon as she knew it herself. On that understanding they parted, for the time being.

CHAPTER XXIV. - LORD HARRY'S HONEY-The next day Hugh received a visit from the last person in the little world of his acquaintance whom he expected to see. The lost Mrs. Vimpany presented herself

The lost Mrs. Vimpany presented herself at the hotel.

She hooked unnaturally older since Mountjoy had last seen her. Her artificial complaxion was good. The discarded rouge that had once overlaid her cheeks through a long succession of years, had left the texture of the skin coarse and had haved the color of it to a dull yellowish them. Her hair, once so skillfully dark-

and revealed the sober coloring of age, m gray. The lower face had fallen away in substance; and even the penetrating brightness of her large dark eyes was a little dimmed. All that had been left in her of the attractions of past days owed its vital preservation to her stage training. Her suave grace of movement, and the deep elocutionary melody of her voice, still identified Mrs. Vimpany—disguised as she was in a dress of dull brown, shorn without mercy of the milliner's hideous improvements to the figure.

"Will you shake hands with me, Mr. Mountjoy?" Those were the first words she said to him, in a sad, subdued manner, on entering the room.

"Why not?" Hugh asked, giving her his hand.

"Why not?" Hugh asked, giving her his hand.
"You can have no very favorable remembrance of me," she answered. "But I hope to produce a better impression—if you can spare me a little of your time. You may, or may not, have heard of my separation from my husband. Anyway, it is needless to trouble you on the subject; you know Mr. Vimpany; you can guess what I have suffered, and why I have left him. If he comes to you, I hope you will not tell him where Lady Harry is—"

Hugh interposed: "Pray don't speak f her by that name! Call her 'Iris,' as I A faint reflection of the old stage-smile rembled on Mrs. Vimpany's worn and

weary face.

"Ah, Mr. Mountjoy, I know whom she ought to have married! The worst enemy of women is their ignorance of men—and they only learn to know better when it is too late. I try to be hopeful for Iris, in the time to come, but my fears conquer

the time to come, but my fears conquer me."

She paused, sighed, and pressed her open hand on her bosom, unconsciously betraving in that action some of the ineradicable training of the theatre.

"I am almost afraid to say that I love Iris," she resumed; "but this I know: if I am not so bad as I once was, I owe it to that dearest and sweetest of women! But for the days that I passed in her company, I might never had tried to atone for my passed life by works of mercy. When other people take the way of amendment, I wonder whether they find it as hard to follow, at first, as I did?"

"There is no doubt of it, Mrs. Vimpany—if people are sincere. Beware of the sinners who taik of sudden conversion and perfect happiness. May I ask how you began your new life?"

"I began unhappily, Mr. Mountjoy—I joined a nursing Sisterhood. Before long, a dispute broke out among them. Think of women who call themselves Christians, quarreiling about churches and church

Mr. Frederick

He actually kissed me.

I fear him! I fear him!"

"When that time comes," Hugh repeated, "if I have any influence left over his wife, he shall find her capable of protecting herself. Will you give me her address in Paris!"

CHAPTER EXV.+THE DOCTOR IN DIFFICUL-

vouched for the good faith of those persons who were concerned in directing the speculation. So far, so good.

But, when the question of success was next discussed, the authorities consulted shook their wise heads. It was impossible to say what losses might not be suffered and what sums of money might not be required before the circulation of the new journal would justify the hope of success. This opinion Hugh communicated to Mrs. Vimpany; Iris was informed of it by that day's post.

A longer time than usual elapsed before any further news of Lord Harry and his wife was received by Mountjoy. When he did at last hear again from Mrs. Vimpany, she forwarded a letter from Iris dated from a new address, in the suburb of Paris, called Passy.

From motives of economy (Iris wrote) her husband had decided on a change of residence. They were just established in their new abode, with the advantages of a saving in rent, a pretty little garden to a saving in rent, a pretty little garden to cultivate and purer air to breathe than the air of Paris. There the letter ended, without the slightest allusion to the forth-coming newspaper, or to the opinion that had been pronounced on the prospects of quarrelling about churches and churc services—priest's vestments and attitude and candles and incense! I left them, an went to a hospital, and found the doctor

Buccess.

In forwarding this letter Mrs. Vimpany wrote on the blank page as follows: "I am sorry to add that some disquieting news of my husband has reached me. For the present I will say no more. It is at least possible that the report may not be worthy of belief."

A few days later the report was con firmed, under circumstances which had certainly not been foreseen. Mr. Vimpany himself arrived at the hotel on a visit to

himself arrived at the hotel on a visit to Mountjoy.

Always more or less superior to the amiable weakness of modesty, the doctor seemed to have risen higher than ever in his own estimation since Hugh had last seen him. He strutted; he stared confidently at persons and things; authority was in his voice when he spoke, and lofty indulgence distinguished his manner when he listened. "How are you?" he cried, with a grand

"How are you?" he cried, with a grand gaiety, as he entered the room. "Fine weather, isn't it, for the time of year? You don't look well. I wonder whether you notice any change in me?"
"You seem to be in good spirits," Hugh replied, not very cordially.
"Do I carry my head high?" Mr. Vimpany went on. "When calamity strikes at a man, don't let him cringe and cry for pity—let him hit back again! Those are my principles. Look at me. Now dolook at me. Here I am, a cultivated person, a member of an honorable profession, a man member of an honorable profession, a man of art and accomplishment—stripped of every blessed thing belonging to me but the clothes I stand up in. Give me your hand, Mountjoy. It's the hand, sir, of a

bankrupt."
'You don't seem to mind it much, "You don't seem to mind it much,"
Mountjoy replied.
"Why should I mind it?" asked the doctor. "There isn't a medical man in Engiand who has less reason to reproach
himself than I have. Hy I wasted
money in rash speculations? Not a farthing. Have I been fool enough to bet at
horse races? My worst enemy daren't say it of me. What have I done, then? I have toiled after virtue—that's what I have done. Oh, there's nothing to haugh at! When a doctor tries to be the medical friend of humanity; when he only asks leave to cure disease, to soothe pain, to preserve life—isn't that virtue? And what is my reward? I sit at home, waiting for my suffering fellow-creatures; and the only feollw-creatures who come to me are too poor to pay. I have gone my rounds, calling on the rich patients whom I bought when I bought the practice. Not one of them wanted me. Men, women and children were all inexcusably healthy—devil take them! Is it wonderful if a man becomes bankrupt, in such a situation as mine? By Jupiter, I go farther than that! I say, a man owes it to himself (as a protest against undeserved neglect) to become a bankrupt. If you will allow me, I'll take a chair." Mountjoy at once controlled himself.
"Go on," he said, quietly.
"Even if I tell you that Iris is perfectly

take a chair."

He sat down with an air of impudent in

He sat down with an air of impudent independence, and looked round the room. A little cabinet, containing liquors, stood open on the sideboard. Mr. Vimpany got up again. "May I take a friendly liberty?" he said—and helped himself, without waiting for permission.

Hugh bore with this, mindful of the mistake that he had committed in consenting to receive the doctor. At the same time, he was sufficiently irritated to take a friendly liberty on his side. He crossed the room to the sideboard, and locked up the liquors. Mr. Vimpany's brazen face flushed deeply (not with shame); he opened his lips to say something worthy of himself, controlled the impulse, and burst into a boisterous laugh. He evidently had some favor still to ask.

laugh. He evidently had some lavor suit to ask.
"Devilish good!" he broke out cheerfully. "Do you remember the landlady's claret? Ha! you don't want to tempt me this time. Well! well! to return to my bankruptcy."

Hugh had heard enough of his visitor's hankruptcy. "I am not one of your creditors," he said.

Mr. Vimpany made a smart reply: "Don't you be too sure of that! Wait a little."

"Do you mean," Mountjoy asked, "that

"Do you mean," Mountjoy asked, "that you have come here to borrow money of me?"

"Time—give me time," the doctor pleaded; "this is not a matter to be despatched in a hurry; this is a matter of business. You will hardly believe it," he resumed, "but I have actually been in my present position once before." He looked towards the cabinet of liquors. "If I had the key," he said, "I should like to try a drop more of your good Curacoa. You don't see it?"

"I am waiting to hear what your business is," Hugh replied.

Mr. Vimpany's pliable temper submitted with perfect amiability. "Quite right," he said; "let us return to business. I am a man who possesses great fertility of resource. On the last occasion when my creditors pounced on my property, do you think I was discouraged? Nothing of the sort! My regular medical practice had broken down under me. Very well—I tried my luck as a quack. In plain English. I invented a patent medicine. The one thing wanting was money enough to advertise it. False friends buttoned up their pockets. You see?"

"Oh, yes; I see."

"In that case." Mr. Vimpany continued. "you will not be surprised to hear that I draw on my resources again. You have, no doubt, noticed that we live in an age of amateurs. Amateurs write, paint, compose music, perform on the stage. I, too, am one of the accomplished persons who have taken possession of the field of art. Did you observe the photographic portraits on the walls of my dining-room!



work is I'll tell, in the strictest co

capable of conceiving suspicious which might have occurred to the mind of a child.

When the latest news from Paris followed, in due course, Mountjoy was informed of it by a note from Mrs. Vimpany, expressed in these terms:

"My last letter from Iris is really no letter at all. It simply incloses a circular, with her love, and asks me to send it on to you. If it is in your power to make inquiries in the right quarter. I am sure you will not hesitate to take the trouble. There can be little doubt, as I think that Lord Harry is engaged in a hazardous speculation, more deeply than his wife is willing to acknowledge."

The circular announced the contemplated publication of a weekly newspaper, printed partly in English, and partly in French, having its chief office in Paris, and being intended to dispute the advantages of a European circulation with the well-known Continental journal called Galignant's Messenger. A first list of contributors included names of some notoriety in the literature of England and the literature of France. Speculators who wished to know, in the first place, on what security they might reckon, were referred to the managing committee, represented by persons of importance in the financial worlds of London and Paris.

Being in a position to make the inquiries which Mrs. Vimpany had suggested, Hugh received information which verified the statements contained in the circular, and vouched for the good faith of those persons who were concerned in directing the speculation. So far, so good.

But, when the question of success was of it."

"I don't understand the subject, "Mountjoy replied. "May I ask why you want to
take me into your confidence?"

"Because I look upon you as my best
friend."

"You are very good. But, surely, Mr.
Vimpany, you have older friends in your
circle of acquaintances than I am."

"Not one," the doctor answered promptly, "whom I trust as I trust you. Let me
give you a proof of it."

ly, "whom I trust as I trust you. Let me give you a proof of it."

"Is the proof in any way connected with money?" Hugh inquired.

"I call that hard on me," Mr. Vimpany protested. "No untriendly interruptions, Mountjoy. I offer a proof of kindly feeling. Do you mean to hurt me?"

"Certainly no. Go on."

"Thank you; a little encouragement goes a long way with me. I have found a bookseller who will publish my contemplated work on commission. Not a soul has yet seen the estimate of expenses. I propose to show it to you."

"Quite needless, Mr. Vimpany."

"Why quite needless?"

"Because I decline lending you the money."

"No no. Mountion! You can't really."

"No, no, Mountjoy! You can't really "I do mean it."
"No!"
"Yes."

"Think of it again."
Hugh's capacity for controlling himself gave way at last.
"Do you presume to threaten me?" he said. "Understand, if you please, that my mind is made up, and that nothing you can say or do will alter it."
With that declaration he rose from his chair and waited for Mr. Vimpany's departure.

The lady at the great house bought her flax and paid well for it. But,

chair and waited for all.

The doctor put on his hat. His eyes rested on Hugh, with a look of diabolical malice. "The time is not far off. Mr. Mountjoy, when you may be sorry you refused me." He said those words deliberately—and took his leave.

Released from the man's presence, Hugh found himself strangely associating the found himself.

fTo Be Continued. 1

Curious Experiments with Frogs and the

Familiar instances of suspended vitality, or rather latent, are afforded by seeds, which may be kept for years without showing action, but are yet capable of being recalled to the exercise of the functions of life, says La Monde de la Science. Other instances are afforded by the lower organisms, which will remain dry and sterile fer indefinite periods, to be brought into full activity at any time by supplying the due degree of moisture and warmth Coming up to the higher forms of life the same phenomena are usually mani-fested in insects, one of the normal conditions of whose life—the nympha or chrysalis state—is characterized by the exhibition of the external appear ance of death. During this stage the vital processes are tempered down till only enough are in effect to maintain s merely vegetable existence; yet the insect is capable of slight motions when subjected to a shock or pressure. The duration of this apparent death varies according to the species and to ex-ternal conditions. There are species that require two years of incubation before g ing throught heir metamorpho-sis. Others pass to the perfect state in a few days. Butterflies demand a certain degree of heat, below which will not issue. The opening of the chrysalis takes place naturally when these atmospheric conditions are realised. If the season is late the hatching is also late. Hence we can prolong the duration of the chrysalis state in-

definitely by properly adjusting the temperature delaying to that extent the metamorphosis of the imprisoned mummy into the free and winged insect. Reaumur, by putting ehrysalides in an ice-box, was able to keep them alive and retard their development

several years.

Going up higher in the animal series, eggs, which are analogous to the seeds of plants, present a remarkable example of retarded life. One of the most interesting features about them is the independence of their vitality, which persists even when the individual that has produced them, and within whose organism they are still contained, has ceased to live. This fact has been recognized in pisciculture, where artificial fecundation has been successful with eggs taken from dead tish. The persistence of life in frogs is very long. Spallanzani preserved some frogs in a mass of snow for two years. They became dry, stiff, and al-most friable, but a gradual heat brought them back to life. Toads have been shut up in blocks of plaster, and then, having been deprived of all air except what may penetrate through the material, and of all sources of food, resuscitated several years afterward. This question presents one of the most curious problems that biological science has been called on to explain. The longevity and vital resistance of toads are surprising. Besides the experiments we have cited, nature sometimes presents some already made, and vastly more astonishing. Toads are said to have been found in rocks. Such cases are rare, but it would be as unreasonable to doubt them as to believe in some of the miraculous explanations that have been made of the matter.

The phenomenon is marvelous, it is resuscitated several years afterward.

barrassed to explain how the toad could live in its singular prison, and how it became shut up there. M. Charles Richet had occasion to study this question some months ago, and came to the conclusion that the fact was real, observing that even if, in the actual condition of science, certain phenomena were still inexplicable, we were not warranted in denying their existence, for new discoveries might at any time furnish an explanation of them. "The true may sometimes not be probable." But stience takes accounting of the truth, not of the prebable in the still be accounted to the still

Storm and Calm.

Groun.

Over the leaden sea the wind blows shrill, Hurling the billows on the sullen shore; It thunders with the battle's brazen roat, Piling the waves in many an angry hill; The tempest bellows with a maddened will. What surging harmonies its trumpets pour In choruses that to the heavens sour, And all the sky with rumbling tumult fill! While variations of its wind-swept wall. Are intermingled with the sudden booms. Of seething breakers on the shore of pigh Out of the inky darkness and the gale. Caimly, definantly the lighthouse looms, All giorious in its wreath of living light. STORN

CALM New morning on the pulseless ocean throws Its white-winged kiss, and in the smile Its white-winged kiss, and in the smile of day
Dissolves the sea's pale drapery of spray.
While the new moon beneath its bosom goes, it shimmers faintly in the kindling rose
Of dawn that flecks the weary wastes of gray
A soothing quiet stretches far away
That seems the incarnation of repose;
The music of the sea-that's never still—
Breatis its celestial spirit on the calm,
Like a soft prelude from the tide of sleep;
While the first sunbeams tremulously fill
You kile sall that, spread for isles of palm,
Rests like a day-dream on the shining
doep.

deep.

—B. K. Munkittrick in Harper's Weekly.

BERNARD'S LETTER.

The doctor's face showed a sudden change of expression—a sinister and threatening change.

"Don't drive me into a corner," he said.

"Think of it again."

ately—and took his leave.

Released from the man's presence, Hugh found himself strangely associating the interests of Iris with the language—otherwise beneath notice—which Mr. Vimpany had used on leaving the room.

In desperate straits for want of mosey, how would the audacious bankrupt next attempt to fill his empty purse? If he had, by any chance, renewed his relations with his Irish friend—and such an event was at least possible—his next experiment in the art of raising a loan might take him to Paris. Lord Harry had already ventured on a speculation which called for an immediate outlay of money, and which was only expected to put a profit into his pocket at some future period. In the meanwhile his resources in money had their limits; and his current expenses would make imperative demands on an ill-filled purse. If the temptation to fall in his resolution to respect his wife's fortune was already trying his fortitude, what better excuse could be offered for yielding than the necessities of an old friend in a state of pecuniary distress?

Looking at the position of Iris, and at the complications which threatened it, from this point of view, Mountjoy left the hotel to consult with Mrs. Vimpany. It

hotel to consult with Mrs. Vimpany. It rested with her to decide whether the cir-cumstances justified his departure for

ANIMAL LIFE SUSPENDED.

in some of the miraculous explanations that have been made of the matter.

The phenomenon is marvelous, it is true, but it is supported by evidence that we are not able to contest; and skepticism, which is incompatible with science, will have to disappear if rigorous observation shall confirm it. The toad was observed in one case in the stone itself and before, recovering from its long lethargy, it had made any motion. One of these toads was presented to an academy, with the stone which had served it as a coffin or habitation, and it was ascertained that the cavity seemed to correspond exactly with the dimensions and form of the animal. It is remarkable that these toad-stones are very hard and not at all porous, and show no signs of fissure. The mind, completely baffied in the presence of the fact, is equally embarrassed to explain how the toad could live in its singular prison, and how at the content of the presence of the fact, is equally embarrassed to explain how the toad could live in its singular prison, and how at the content of the presence of the fact, is equally embarrassed to explain how the toad could live in its singular prison, and how at the content of the presence of the fact, is equally embarrassed to explain how the toad could live in its singular prison, and how at the content of the presence of the fact, is equally embarrassed to explain how the toad could live in its singular prison, and how at the content of the presence of the fact, is equally embarrassed to explain how the toad could live in its singular prison, and how at the presence of the fact, is equally embarrassed to explain how the toad could live in its singular prison, and how at the content of the presence of the fact, is equally embarrassed to explain how the toad could live in its singular prison, and how at the content of the presence of the fact, is equally embarrassed to explain how the toad could live in its singular prison, and how at the content of the prison of t

oeggar whom she loved and who hopelessly loved her, would be heavier on Bettina's life than the memory of her dead Bernard. I can do little now, but I can do this. Write, madame."

The pen moved over the paper. Soon she said: "I have written. Shall I read it to you?"

I answered: "Yes, if you will, She began: "Die, unhappy girl! Your Bernard has perished. What is life to you any longer? He is dead. Had he lived blind, or maimed, or helpless in any way, there would be hope for you. You could fly to him; you could comfort him; you could toil for him; you could be his

sunlight. Alas! no such joy awaits you. He is no longer anywhere where you can find him. Lie down and die. That is all you can do. He is dead." She ended in a flood of tears. I started to my feet. "Why do you write thus?" I cried.
"Who are you? How did you come by that voice? Speak?'
Then I felt two little hands steal

about my neck and a wet cheek touched mine, and a whisper came: "Bernard, it is I. Did you not guess? Do you We were all poor in our village, but She clasped me closer. I heard the door close; the doctor was gone.

"The good doctor!" she said. "The some of us were poorer than others-so poor that we had not black bread enough to eat—so poor that, when the hard winter came creeping upon us like some cruel, hungry tiger, we had first day of your illness he found a let-ter you had begun to me—and sent it with word of your misfortune; and a letter to one who could bring me to you if I desired to come. Ah, heaven bless you he knew a woman's heart no brands with which to scare it off. In Bettina's cottage, where she sat and spun while her childish old grandparents nodded in their chairs beside bless you, he knew a woman's heart better than you did! When the letter came my dear grandparents were lying dead. I only stayed to look upon their grave before I came to you. You were

THE BERLIN SHOP CIRL

The Berlin shop girl is not so attract

tailor-made suits, patent leather shoes Easter bonnets, silk stockings, or can

broidered under-clothes. She is rarely

agreeable qualities which are not gen-erally attributed to the New York shop

girl. She is unobtrusive, unselfish, and

dignity of becoming a Herr Doctor. He may be a plain Schulze or Schmidt.

of his fickle finances are entirely in-significant. He is her student and she loves him just the same whether he

big Imperial Opera House, near the palace. She begins to quote Schiller's poetry to him two or three evenings after she first spoke to him across the

shop counter. A week later she is writing it to him. In a month she is

On the other hand, she has many

stylish and never chic.

no one else to do it.

The lady at the great house bought her flax and paid well for it. But, after all, Bettina had but her two hands; and two little brown hands were dead. Bernard, how could you do it? How could you do so?" can not do all the world's work. "Wait patiently," Bettina said to me sometimes. "What does it matter? We love each other; we trust each "It would have been best for you," I said.

But she clasped me closer ther; let us be content.' My life has been a dark one ever since; but Bettina's hand has led me But I could not be content. I felt if would win Bettina I must leave I would win Bettina I must leave Savoy and go to America. I told Bettina so, and though she wept, she said, "Go—go, Bernard, and I will pray for you. It is all a girl can do."

At last I had money for the voyage. I had saved it little by little for two long years, and now the parting hour had some day by day, and the good doctor's kindness has been shown to us in teaching me such work as I can do. I shall never see the sweet face that I remem-ber so well. But I know its beauty and its goodness, and the love-light in the eyes, too well to forget them.

And I know that I am dearer to her

"It is that we may be with cach other always some day that we part now," for my misfortune, and I am happy.-N. Y. Evening World.

I said. pressed each other in a long embrace. At last I tore myself away, and blind-Half Her Heart is for the Gay Student and ed by my tears set off upon my jourive in appearance as the New York shop girl. She has a round face, short neck, square shoulders, thick waist, and big feet. Her voice is rather harsh, her forehead low, and her hair not over abundant. She knows nothing about ney. We crossed the sea in safety. I stood at last in a strange land and We crossed the sea in safety. among strange people.

among strange people.

A year passed by — twelve long months; so long, counted by love's reckoning, and yet I hoped and strove. One more year and she would come to me. The months would slip away like the beads upon the rosary of one who prays for blessings. I should feel her hand in mine when they were all counted. I should press my lips to hers—all would be forgotten but our meeting, and while I lived the old people should share our happiness.

With such thoughts as these in my mind I entered the great factory where

contented. She is phenomenally af-fectionate and faithful. She has good health, good nature, and a head crammed full of ideals. She writes and mind I entered the great factory where I worked one day. I said to myself as I threw off my jacket, "At noontime I will write to Bettina." What do we know of noontime at dawn? What do we know of night at

midday? Nothing.

I remember thinking this. I remember crossing the long room. I remember a sudden flash and crash, and the oaths of men and a girl's mad scream. After that a sense of pain awakened me, and I found myself lying in the dark, with my own hand, cold and clammy, lying in a great, warm soft hand that held it very tenderly.

I tried to rise. I could not.
"Where am I?" I said, and my voice sounded low and hoarse in my own cars. "Who is this?" "It is the doctor," said a voice. "Be

calm my friend." "Is it night?" I asked. "It is night." "Why do you not light a lamp?" He made no answer. "What has happened?"

Often enough he is a baron or a count.

Now and then he is even a petty princeling or a rich American. Whatever
his rank or nationality may be the shop " Do you not remember?" "I remember a noise."
"It was an explosion," he said, after girl loves him with astounding ardor after the first ten days of her acquaint-ance with him. For her the mutations pause. "You were hurt. There were many killed outright."

"Doctor," I said, "is it night?"
"It is night!" he said solemnly.
"But only for me! I know that I am
unitten blind!" dines her in the students' quarter or Under the Linden, whether he takes her to the American Theatre or to the "Try to be calm, my friend," he whispered. "It is hard—but try to bear it!"

What can we do but bear what God sends upon us? But I did not bear it well. Can you wonder? All was gone all my hopes of life, and even all that I had won in the last year. Some wretch had stolen the little moleskin all my hopes of life, and even all that I had won in the last year. Some wretch had stolen the little moleskin pouch from my bosom. I was a begar and blind! I prayed to die, but I lived and grew strong again.

One day as I sat by the hospital window, I formed a resolution. I said to myself: "I can be brave enough to myself: "I can be myse

One day as I sat by the hospital win-dow, I formed a resolution. I said to myself: "I can be brave enough to spare Bettina something; and I will do it though my suffering should be in-creased by the act. I know that if she knew the truth she would grieve bitterly and remain true to me. I know terly and remain true to me. I know that if I were sent home, and the doctor says I might be, she would even marry me, and try to feed me as she does her helpless ones. That shall never be! I will send her word that I am dead, and then, when she has grieved dead, and then, when she has grieved awhile, youth will triumph; she will marry the young farmer who loves her so truly, and is good as well as rich, and she will only remember poor Bernard tenderly as one who loved her in the past. And young Bernard is really dead. The blind beggar is not the

same man.

The good doctor shall write me a letter, and so as he passed I called to him and told him all. "It will be best for her." I said. will set her free. She will grieve bit-terly, I know, but the other lover will one day blot out my memory. Tell her I died with her name on my lips—I do. As I die, heart and soul, here be-fore you, I have but one thought—it is Bettina.

"And you think she does

letter," he said.
"I thank her," said I. "Be gentle,
madam; my Bettina has a gentle
heart."
"What shall I write?" she asked al-

THE RAINBOW'S PROMISES.

Dr. Talmage Delivers a Stirring Discourse on Heaven's Beauties.

All People Advised to Enter the Ark of Salvation at Once—The Brightest Time After the Storm-Giories of the Fature World

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage last Sunday preached in the Brooklya Academy of Music, on the subject, "All Troubles Pan," and the text Revalations iv, 3: "There was a rainbow round about the throne." Following is the sermon:

As after a night of fearful tempest at sea one ship, more stausch than another, r.des on undamaged among the fragments of spars and hulks that float about, so old Noah's ark at the close of the deluge floats on over the wreck of a dead world. Looking out of the window of the ark, you see the planks of houses, and the sheaves of wheat, and the carcasses of cattle, and the corpses of men. No tower is left to toll the burial; no mourners to form in the line of procession; no ground on which to bury the dead. Mishing a line 27 feet long, you just touch the toys of the mountains. Ghantliness and horror! The ark, instead of walking the sea, like a modern ship, in majesty and beauty, tosses helplessiy; no helm to guide; no sail to set; no shore to steer for. Why protract the agony of the good people in such a craft, when they might in one dash of the wave have been put out of their misery!

But at yoader spot in the horizon we see colors wathering in the sky, at just the

But at youder spot in the horizon we see But at youder spot in the horizon we see colors gathering in the sky; at just the opposite point in the horizon other colors are gathering. I find that they are the two buttresses of an arched bridge. The yellow, the red, the orange, the blue, the indigo, the violet are mingled, and by invisible hands the whole structure is hung into the sky, and the ark has a triumphal arch to sail under. An angest of light arch to sail under. An angel of light awings his hand across the sky, and in the seven prismatic colors he paints with pencil of aunbeam the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature. God lifted up that great arched bridge, and set it over His own head in heaven. John saw it, for he says: "There was a rain-bow round about the throne."

I notice that none but the people who the people was were in the ark saw the rainbow. It cast its shadow clear down into the water where the people were turied and lighted up the dead faces with a strange radiance, but they could not see it! So only those who are at last found in Christ, the Ark, will see the very supplied to the three of the three the very supplied to the three of three of the three of three of the three of the three of three of the three of the three of the thre see the overspanning giories of the throne. Hence you had better get into the ark! As you call your family out at the close of the shower to show them the sign in heaven, so I want you all at last to see the grander so I want you all at last to see the grander rainbow round about the throne. "Look there," says Noah to his wife, "at that bow in the clouds; and, Shem and Japhet, look! look!—the green, the yellow, the red and the orange!" I should not wonder if some of your own children in the good land should after a while cry out to you, "Look, father! look, mother! there is a rainbow round about the throne!" You had better get into the ark, w.th all your families, if you want to see it.

f you want to see it.
I notice also that the chief glory of God comes after the rain. No shower, no rain-bow; no trouble; no brightness of Christian consolation. Weavers are sometimes, by reason of their work, dusty and rough in their apparel; and so it is the coarse clad tempest, whose hand and foot swing the shuttle, that weaves the rainbow. Many Chri tlans are dull, and stupid, and useless because they have not had disaster enough to wake them up. The brightest scarf than heaven makes is thrown over the shoulder contented. She is phenomenally affectionate and faithful. She has good health, good nature, and a head crammed full of ideals. She writes and speaks her own language pretty correctly, knows a good bit of Germanized French, and can say "Yes," "Please," and "Time is money" in English. Moreover, she has a great big heart.

Your child asks you: "Father, what makes the rainbow!" and you say, "It is the sunlight striking through the rain-dropa." Therefore, I wondered how there could be a rainbow in heaven, since there As in the case of most German women the key to the whole life of the Berlin shop girl is to be found in the heart and not in the head. Her heart is divided in two quite unsympathetic halves, that that rainbow must be formed by the in two quite unsympathetic halves. One half belongs entirely to her gay student. The other half belongs entirely to her plain Fritz. Her gay student is usually a well-to-do young scapegrace who is trying to learn all there is to know about the mensur and life in a big city, while making his parents away off in the provinces believe that he has an eye single to the dignity of becoming a Herr Doctor. that that rainbow must be formed by the striking of heaven's sunlight through the failing tears of earthly sorrow. When we see a man overwhelmed with trouble, and his health goes, and his property goes, and his friends go, I say, "Now we shall see the glory of God in this good man's deliverance." As at Niagara Falls I saw one day ten rainbows spanning the awful plunge of the cataract, so over the abyas of of the christian's trial hover the rich hued wings of all the promises.

plunge of the cataract, so over the abyas of of the christian's trial hover the rich hued wings of all the promises.

I notice that the most beautiful things of this world are to be preserved in heaven When you see the last color fide out from the rainbow of earth you need not feel sad, for you will see the rainbow round about the throne. That story about the world burning up has given me many a pang. When I read that Paris was besieged, I said: "Now the pictures and statues in the Louvre and Luxembourg will be destroyed, all those faces of Rembrandt, and those bold dashes of Rubens, and those enchantments of Raphasel on canvass, and those statues of Canova." But is it not a more meiancholy thought that ruin is to come upon this great glory of the earth in which the mountains are the chiseled sculptures and upon the sky, in which the "transfiguration" of sunrise and sunset is hung with loops and tassels of fire! I was relieved when I found that the pictures had been removed from the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and I am relieved now when I think that the best parts of this earth are either to be removed or pictured in the good land. The trees must twist in the last fire—the caks and the cedars and the maples; but in heaven there shall be the trees of life on the bank of the river, and the palm trees from which the conquerors shall pluck their branches.

The Hudson and the St. Lawrence and

him in regular daily installments, despite the expense for postage, which she can ill spare out of her \$3 a week salary. When out with him she never lets go of him. In the concert lails, in the frillmounde, at the theatre, or in the Fullmounde, at the theatre, or in the Fullmounde, at the theatre, or in the Fullmounde, of how any or pick threads from his coat. This superabundance of love and poetry and demonstrativeness, of course soon cloys the palate even of a romantic German student. After a few months of it, the frequency of the concert hall and the three parties, the late wine suppers and the like begins to abate. Despite redoubled doses of love doggerel and abject worship the student falls off more and more, and eventually terminates the subop girls little romane by going away to another university.

While the aristocratic half of her heart has been seen the suboptiment of the humbler half has been leading her through a much more commonplace love affair. The hero of the prosaic half of her dual life is plain Fritz. He is generally a shoe-maker's or a baker's apprentice earning a dollar or so a week, and altogether a pretty poor apology for a hero. Nevertheless, the shop girl loves him with the whole half of her dual life is plain Fritz. He is generally a shoe-maker's or a baker's apprentice earning a dollar or so a week, and altogether a pretty poor apology for a hero. Nevertheless, the shop girl loves him with the whole half of her beart. She drinks his two-cent glass of beer as contentedly as shoftinks the student's reveal glass of beer as contentedly as shoftinks the student's reveal glass of beer as contentedly as shoftinks the student's reveal glass of beer as contentedly as shoftinks and the student's reveal glass of beer as contentedly as shoftinks and the student's reveal glass of beer as contentedly as shoftinks and the student's reveal glass of beer as contentedly as short the student's reveal glass of beer as contentedly as short the student's reveal glass of beer as contentedly and the student

we made, and see and out to will all publing in and out to will all publing in and out to will all publications to the delications and the second sec worsteds through the deflects threads, ast infed if he can in a day make so much as a finger's breadth of beauty for a king's canopy. But behold how my Lord, in case hour, with His two hands, twisted the tapestry, now swung above the throne, into a rainbow of infinite glory. O, what a place heaven must be. You have heretzfore looked at the floor; this morning take one glance as the ceiling.

I notice what must be the

I notice what must be the feeling of safety among the people of heaven. Have you ever seen a cloud burst! There have been says when it rained as if it would never stop. You knew if it kept on in that way long all the nations would be drowned; yet you had no apprehension, for you remembered the bow of promise painted on the cloud in Noah's time. So the glorified have but to look to the arch around the have but to look to the arch around the throne of the King to be reassured that the deluge of trial is forever past.

On earth the deluge of ain covers the tops of the highest mountains. I heard as Alpine guide, amid the most stupendous evidences of God's power, swear at his mule as he stumbled in the pass. Yes, the deluge of ain dashes over the top of the highest mountain ranges. Revenge, drunkenness, implety, falsehood, blasphemy are but different waves of a flood that has whelmed sations. New York is drowned in it. nations. New York is drowned in it, Brooklyn is drowned in it, Bos:on is drowned in it, London is drowned in it, St. Petersburg is drowned in it.—two great hemispheres are drowned in it. But the redeemed, looking into the "rainbow round". ni out the throne," see the pledge that all this is ended for them forever. They have committed their last sin and committed their last temptation. No suicide leads into those bright waters; no profamity befouls that pure air; no villain's torch shall fore these temptations. fire those temples; no murderer's hand shall strike down those sons of God. They know that for them the deluge of sin is assuaged, for "there is a rainbow round about the throne."

Now the world is covered with a deluge Now the world is covered with a deluge of blood. The nations are all the time either using the sword or sharpening it. The factories of the world are night and day manufacturing the weaponry of death. Throne against throne, empire against em-pire. The spirit of despotism and freedom at war in every land; despotic America against free America, despotic England against free England, despotic Germany against free Germany, despotic Austria against free Austria. The great battle of earth is being fought—the Armageddon of the nations. The song that unrolled from the sky on the first Christmas night of "Peace and good will to men," is drowned in the booming of the great siege guns.

Stand back and let the long line of ambulances pass. Groan to groan. Uncover and look upon the trenches of the dead.

Blood! blood!—a deluge of blood!

But the redeemed of heaven, looking upon the glorious arch that spans the throne, shall see that the deluge is over. No betteries are planted on the chills; no barricades blocking those streats; no hostile fing above those walls: no smoke of burning villages; no shricks of butchered men; but peace! German and French. burning villages; no shricks of butchered men; but peace! German and Frenchman, who fell with arms interlocked in hate on the field of death, now, through Christ in heaven, stand with arms interlocked in love. Arms stacked forever; shields of battle hung up. The dove instead of the eagle; the lamb instead of the lion. There shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's hely mount for there is a rainbow round.

holy mount, for there is a rainbow round about the throne. Now the earth is covered with deluge of sorrow. Trouble! trouble! The very first utterance when we come into the world is a cry. Without any teaching we learn to weep. What has so wrinkle? that man's face? What has so prematurely whitened his hair? What calls out that si:h? what starts that tear? Trouble! trouble! I find it in that tear? Trouble! trouble! I find it in the cellar of poverty, and far up among the heights on the top of the crags; for this also hath gone over the tops of the highest mountains. No esc pe from it. You go into the store, and it meets you at your counting deak; you go into the street, and it meets you at the corner; you go into the house, and it meets you at the door. Tears of poverty! tears of persecution! tears of bereavement!--a deluge of tears! Gather-od tearsher from all the earth they could

float an ark larger than Noah's.

But the glorified, looking up to the bow that spans the throne, shall see that the deluge is over. No shivering wreach of the palace step; no blind man at the gate of the heavenly temple asking for alms: no grinding of the screw driver on coffin lid. They look up at the rainbow and read in lines of yellow, and red, and green, and blue, and orange, and indigo and violet. "They shalt hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Thank God for the glory spanning the throne:

In our boyhood we had a superstition that at the foot of the rainbow there was a casket of buried gold; but I have to announce that at the foot of this rainbow of heaven there is a box made out of the wood of the cross. Open it and you find all the

and what I tell you at the close—that none but Noah's family in the ark saw the raisow and that only those who are at last in Christ shall discover it smid the glories of

heaven.

"Except a man be torn again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Queen Victoria is an ardent student of African geography, and could pass a creditable examination in that suba creditable examination in that sub-ject with Mr. Stanley as the interroga-tor. Her Majesty has carefully watch-ed the Portuguese encroachments, and when the news of the outrage on the British flag reached London it was the Queen herself who insisted on Lord Salisbury compelling Portugal to come to a definite understanding without de-lay.

A combat of most unusual character occurred near Paso Del Norte a short while ago. The participants were a burro, or little Mexican jackass, and a wolf of the large species known as lobo.

The burro had broken out of his stable during the night, wandering several miles out into the country, and his owner going to seek him was an eye-witness to his fight with the wolf.

This man, who is an unusually intelligent Mexican, states that the donkey was quietly grazing in a little grassy dell lying between two walls of jutting rock when the wolf came trotting along with his head close to the ground, as if attempting to recover the trail of some-thing, which is characteristic of the lobo. He did not perceive the donkey till he was nearly on him, and it was not till then that the latter, raising his head, saw the wolf, but the moment their eyes fell on each other hostilities began. The wolf, with his jaws snap-ping and growling ferociously, made at the donkey, which wheeling sharply around let fly at his enemy with both heels, sending him tumbling over and over. The performance was repeated again and again until the wolf began to realize that things were not going just his way. The last kick from the burro's heels had sent him with a sick-ening crash against the hard rock that walled in the dell, and actually ctunned him for a moment; so on rising he seemed to deem a change of tactics advisable.

visable.

Running up to the donkey he waited until those terrible heels were in the air when jumping around with remarkable agility he evaled the kick and made for his enemy's throat. but he found the donkey's other end also armed for battle, and before he could lay hold of any part of that lively animal's anatomy the birror had caught him back of the neck between his powerful teeth and cracked the bone. Though the wolf was, of course, killed instantly, the plucky little jackass refused to relinquish its hold, and occupied itself for some minutes with beating its vanquished foe's body up and down on the ground. When satisfied at last that it was dead it flung the lobo's carcass to one side, quietly resuming its grazing till the owner came and drove it home.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.